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Temperance, and our Correspondents.

Agreeable to our promise, we wish to take a slight review of the articles of our correspondents and of the subject of temperance, as now agitated before the people.

First, the intellectual or physical perception of man is controlled in a greater or less degree by the medium through which he perceives an object. As the physical perception is more circumscribed in a dense atmosphere than in a rare one, so is the intellectual unable to take an impartial and unbiased view of any subject upon which it has allowed itself to become over anxious, for or against. Yet upon all questions having a bearing upon the general state of society, it is not only the privilege but the duty of every one to take part, and act as he conscientiously believes to be for the general good. Hence, in this inability to judge impartially where we are necessarily interested, lies the secret of the great diversity of opinions that may be honestly entertained among men upon all important questions. And these opinions assume forms corresponding to the excitability and impetuosity, or the gravity and caution of those expressing them and will have an influence in community parallel with the stability and firmness of character displayed in their advocates.

Thus he who proscribes those that differ from him in opinion, because of that difference, is wanting in that virtue without which all others are said to "profit us nothing." In the correspondence to which we allude, there is no great difference of opinion in regard to the object sought, or to which the perception is directed, as might at first seem from the contradictory opinions expressed. We have not the least doubt that the best good of society is desired by both—but that there is a great difference in the mediums (or means) through which they look at, and by which they expect to attain that object is certainly apparent.

Again, Law is a rule of action, for the government of its subjects, and derives all its powers from the consent of the governed. Hence in the enactment of a law, it is desirable that a majority should consent to its provisions, in order to enforce submission from those that violate them, as the mere letter of a law upon the statute book, that is not consented to on the part of its subjects, is not only inoperative, but tends to lessen the respect for law. So that the policy of submitting to a vote of the people important and grave questions of political economy, is most likely to ensure their respect, and command their interest in its execution. Second only to this is the system of presenting the principles at issue, and discussing them before the people prior to elections, and comparing them with the professions not only, but with the general course of conduct of those that may be brought forward for their suffrages.

Now the query is whether the temperance question is fairly before the people, and if so, whether there is that unity of action among its advocates that will ensure the election of men that will enact such laws as will receive the assent of the people so as to ensure their enforcement. To the first proposition there is but one answer. The question of temperance in contradistinction to a loose and reckless disregard of well-being of the temperate, and the good order and prosperity of society, was long since settled by a great majority of the people, and hardly needs mentioning, as it is part and parcel of the compound that makes the good citizen, any and everywhere. But the means by which the greatest amount of temperance is to be secured without unnecessarily oppressing those that will ever violate the law upon all subjects, is a question that we had supposed was far from being settled. Indeed, the very great agitation in many places upon the subject together with the extraordinary exertions of the friends of a peculiar measure—its enactment in one state, and its defeat in another—its effective operation in one place, and the almost total disregard of its provisions in another, not only prove conclusively that in the great struggle going on between the friends of humani-

ty, and those of unrestrained privilege, all is unsettled as to the best policy to be pursued—but it also substantiates another fact, that the effectiveness of the law depends upon the state of public opinion at the time of its enactment.

In the State of New York, where the Maine law was recently defeated, there is no earthly doubt that a large majority of the people are temperance men in the strictest sense of the word. That a very great majority of the people of Ohio are temperance men is we believe, a correct supposition, and that nearly if not quite all of them would unite upon a prohibitory law we do believe to be a reasonable assumption, but that the same harmony actually exists, or can be secured upon the entire "Maine Law" is a conclusion unwarrantable from the discussion or action upon that question.—And the fact that the late temperance convention of this state pledged its members to raise a fund of \$10,000 to send out speakers for the purpose of harmonizing the conflicting views in this state, is conclusive evidence that they so considered it. But the greatest difficulty here seems to be in ascertaining what is the true issue presented. That some of our speakers have declared for the Maine Law, "word for word, and letter for letter"—that others qualify or moderate their claims by saying they "want the Maine law with the odious provisions left out," and that others who we have no hesitation in accrediting as temperance men, are satisfied to advocate a prohibitory law without attaching the peculiar magic name of "Maine," are facts of which we ask no one to take our assertions as evidence, but are prepared to make the proof. That some of our citizens have pledged themselves by virtue of the County Temperance Alliance to a dictation for their candidates for office, one of our correspondents asserts—and that others with whom we have been acquainted for the last twelve years, and some longer even than that, and of whom we cheerfully testify that they have not only been Temperance men, but strictly total abstinence men, say they are opposed to the system of strict dictation, and would not thus pledge themselves or ask others to do so, we are prepared to substantiate. That the enormous and unnecessary evils to which community are subject from the traffic in intoxicating liquors call for the prohibition of the traffic, except for specified purposes, is a fact concealed by all thinking men. And the great difficulty in harmonizing the views of temperance men exists in the fact that some have mounted the Maine Law, as a hobby for popularity, and manifest a disposition to proscribe as opposed to temperance all who will not concede to the Maine Law as it is. We will publish the law next week, for the information of our readers.

INDEPENDENT, July 30, 1853.

For the Spirit of the Times.

What a singular world this is, and there are such curious people in it, but the question for you to answer is: what have the iron men done that their simple statements in regard to how much iron their furnaces are making is not entitled to credit?

Doubtless you think that I am starting off at a rapid gallop for a stranger, but I have been led to make the enquiry from reading in the last Register a notice to this effect:—"Star Furnace is said to be making a good business 'for Kentucky' making 114 tons of iron in twenty-four hours, by actual weight," and to cap the climax or give the finishing stroke the statement was made by one not interested, conveying the impression that this stranger's word settled the doubt as to the truth, and the iron men's word as to how much iron their furnaces made is subject to allowance, because they are interested in the matter.

Now I do not propose to doubt the veracity of the person from whom the above information was obtained but I am rather of opinion that he did not weigh this metal himself (without any compensation) merely to gratify his curiosity, as it looks like doing too much for to little, in these days; and if he received his information in any other manner, it came from an interested party. I take it for granted, that where persons are employed to attend to this business, they ought to have a better knowledge than this stranger, as their report has to be made to the manager or clerk, who notes it down in a book set apart for that purpose. If Bob Walker had made a similar statement in his day, it would have been better for him that he had never been born. I am informed that he has only been a few months since the editor came out of the woods, [having been neutral in his politics], and this is the first error that he has made. Yet he had better look out in future, for if these iron men, [whose word he seems to doubt], were to withdraw the light of their countenance from him for a season, he might as well pull up stakes and prepare to leave the city of Ironton, for parts unknown to him at present.

During the year that is past and gone it was famous through this county how much iron had been made at Franklin, Junior, Empire Pine Grove and last but not least Vanhook Furnace. For a statement of what the latter does I can only refer you to the Ironton Register, published sometime during the days of brag, but now forgotten. The amount far exceeds Star Furnace, and it was accomplished at an early date, but I fear that all these statements are worthless as they were made by the iron men, who were interested. The great feature actual

weight, seems to have settled the point and leaves one to suppose that in those statements above, the furnace men jumped or guessed at the weight. Some time last year it was said that Laurel and Buena Vista furnaces (in Ky.) were making large amounts of iron daily, but I presume it must have been a mistake as no one but iron men told it, "and they were interested."

Again I am not disposed to doubt that Star Furnace did make the above quantity of iron. She is said to be a good furnace and well managed, but the principle that the stranger is to be believed and those who do the work and make the iron discredited, I cannot accord with, therefore Messrs Iron Masters I don't want you to jump on me for I pledge you my word that I have more confidence in your honor than to believe that you would make a misstatement about so important a matter, and I am fully of the opinion that after you have read this you will thank me for the interest which I have taken, and if that editor makes any more such broad statements touching your veracity I will fight on him with a hot brick.

Perhaps he will do better after awhile, he is a little rusty, having had to carry water on each shoulder yet he had better keep a stiff upper lip and an eye wide open for SQUALLS.

N. B. If the editor of the Register appears excited after reading the above and should make any enquiry about me tell him that I have left town and will not come back before the middle of next week when if anything new turns up I may write again, until then keep cool, and if all things work to satisfaction you may hear from me again on another subject.

Yours, &c.

SQUALLS.

Thunder Storm—Fatal Results.

A thunder storm of unusual severity was experienced in most parts of Fairfield County last Thursday afternoon, at about 4 o'clock. The rain came down in floods, and the flashes of lightning were vivid and almost incessant. In Fairfield, two men were killed in Bridgeport, the lightning struck in two places, hitting a chair-factory, and in another part of the town knocking down Mr. Burton Nichols.—His life was saved by a copious application of cold water.—Hartford Times July 5.

"Pacific Railroad."

The Centre Route advocated by Bexron has lately received a powerful endorsement from persons whose opinion, decidedly expressed, will carry great weight with the people. A public meeting has been held at Taos, composed principally of the adventurous and gallant Mountain Men. Among them were St. Vrain, Lincoln, Canby, Beaverton, and numerous others, all famous as trappers, explorers, and guides. These men unite in declaring that a good practicable route for a Railroad exists upon the line advocated by Bexron. And they further say that notwithstanding all the talk about the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada ranges, they have traveled the route several times and nothing worthy the name of a mountain is upon it. We are of opinion that the testimony of these Mountain Men will be held to be nearly conclusive. Scientific men are notoriously apt to take obstacles for granted. The only man who knew any thing about the Centre Route declared it to be better adapted for a Railroad than any other. No other can compare with it for a moment, if the road can be built upon it. And it is now the business of the great Central State of the Union to see that justice is not done in this matter. The Valley of the Ohio is nearly concerned—this valley is part of the natural highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific: Shall the road be diverted from the Central points and the straight, common sense, direction, to go to and from all manner of out of the way places and round about all sorts of crooks and corners? No private company would ever build this road upon any but the central route if that is practicable; because private individuals always follow the dictates of sense and interest, and choose the best practicable course. But Governments nearly always get the worst and the dearest of every thing; and when they undertake a great work it is very often rendered worthless by being located where it is not wanted, instead of where it is. Let the people of the Ohio Valley look to this matter in time.

A Scene in the Park.

A maddened cow tore through the streets of New York on Monday, knocking down and tossing through the air several persons, and finally turned into the City Hall Park. The Tribune says. A thousand men and boys at least gathered around, and were frequently routed by the enraged animal, and ran shouting and yelling through the Park. A number of police officers, aided by Mr. Goolerson and others, continued their efforts for an hour without success. They had a heavy rope and endeavored to throw the noose over the heifer's head, but failed. A lad said to the officers that he could capture her. The officers laughed at the idea—the lad was apparently not over twelve years of age. The lad persisted in asserting that he could throw the noose over her horns. They let him try. He coiled the heavy rope, swung it over his head and threw it. It caught upon one horn. The little fellow threw it again and it caught both horns. He planted his heel firm on the ground, gave a yell and a jerk at the lasso, and threw the animal, which was immediately secured to a tree. The lad is named Jose Antonio de la Cruz, fourteen years of age, and residing in Broadway near Tenth St. He was born in California, where he had practiced with the lasso, and could not understand that he had performed any remarkable feat.

THE LIFE HARP.

There is a harp whose music is never hushed to rest; But hushed on forever Within the human breast.

Oh! times in joy or sorrow; Its music wildly flows, As whirling fall, in winter, The driving winter snows.

Amid its murmurs softly Upon the spirit's ear, As sigh the leaves of autumn All marching to their bier.

Its notes are never silent, In tumult or in strife, And in our dreams a woe This melody of life.

Oh! in the hush of midnight, When bright dreams disappear, And in the silent chamber, Their silken wings we hear.

We find this harp teaching, Amid its pensive lays, The earthly name of angels, The loved of other days.

This harp has trembled even, Since God breathed o'er the strings, And bade it time be beating By beat of angel wings.

And once there is of players Who plays with master hand— Has played the dirge of many Who are now in Silent Land.

His music is the softest That mortals ever know, The sweetest, wildest, saddest, With which our hearts o'erflow.

No music is more holy, In earth or heaven above, Than makes this master player, Whose magic name is—Love.

Interesting to Ladies.

ONE OF FANNY FERN'S BEST.—[Under the title of "Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy," Fanny Fern contributes the following to the Musical World and Times:]

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boaster. Here's Mr. Jones, been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my gray kitten. If this bell is shook up once a week and his coats, cravats, love-letters, signs and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of floor, he is as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery, instead of dropping curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet; and a bunch to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking-glass, and a pear-tree shade for her gas-burner. She would like breakfast about ten minutes later than your usual hour; ten minutes earlier, and the goose, which she shocks her nerves so, altogether disappeared. She can't drink coffee, because it is exhilarating; brains is too insipid, and chocolate too heavy. She doesn't fancy cocoa. English breakfast tea is her only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization. She can't digest a roast or a fried dish she might possibly peek at an egg if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastries she never eats, unless she knows what dairy the butter is from which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, or oil; or bread that is made with yeast, so la, milk, or saleratus, she decidedly rejects. She is constantly washing out little duds of lace collars, handkerchiefs, chemisettes and stockings, which she fastens up to the front windows, to dry; giving passers-by the impression that your house is occupied by a *blanchisseuse*;—then jerks the bell-wire for an hour or more, for relays of hot smoothing-irons, to put the finishing stroke to her operations. She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen-fire has gone out and the servants are on a furlough. Oh! nobody knows, but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is, to wind them up in a morning, with a powerful cup of coffee, give them *carte blanche* to smoke and a night key and your work is done."

The miserable impostor, calling himself Herr Alexander, in playing off the hocus pocus of the magic pistol, in Clinton, Illinois, recently shot a young man named Smith, (who was to receive a fictitious ball in his mouth,) the pistol being loaded with balls, he received the contents in his side. It is supposed the young man cannot live. If the parties had been reversed, and the impostor the victim, there would have been but very little loss; as it is, the young man, Smith will leave a widow's mother, who was solely dependent on him for subsistence. This is the same worthless scamp, who some time ago figured in our town.—*Vincennes Gazette*.

How Much Sleep.

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a contemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article is, that three to four or five hours sleep is sufficient for any man. This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep; for while one person is healthy on five hours of sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the greatest amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is required.—Overtasking themselves without sleep is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern fed by periodical supply only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant, supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops, when nothing is put in the land. It is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons who are fortunately constituted with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, we owe his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue, as to his genius, for he could do the work of two ordinary men if not more. Yet after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep sometimes for nearly a day.

Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose for the purpose of recuperation.

Nevertheless there are persons with whom sleep has become disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, nod in the evening, and in fact may be said to be never more than half awake. Such people kill themselves in the end as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life itself stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.—*Phil. Ledger*.

Threescore and Ten.

When I was a boy I used to think threescore and ten years a very sufficient span of this world. I wondered how anybody could grumble at so liberal an allowance of life; and indeed, for my own share, I would no more have hesitated to give up my claim to the old ten years than the gold diggers do to throw the old ounces into the bargain. That I was in my boyhood, when I was too far off from what I was dealing so generously with to be able to understand anything about it. I know better now. Threescore and ten might have suited the Israelites very well when they were wandering in the wilderness; but I am decidedly of opinion that Moses, when stating the limit, in his prayer printed in the Book of Psalms, made no allusion to us. In fact, the period in itself is objectionable, inasmuch as it is not a period at all; but more like a semicolon. It is not even an even number—which is odd; resembling more a halfway house than a final resting place. It makes me uncomfortable to hear people talking of threescore and ten, as if they thought it improper to fly in the face of Moses.—*Chalmers*.

A Great Claim—Cheesedom in Trouble.

A Western Pennsylvania company have set up a claim to the whole of the Western Reserve of Ohio, under a grant from Connecticut, alleged to have been made after the year 1762, when Charles II granted to that colony a patent for the Reserve. In 1795, it will be remembered, she sold the Reserve to another company relinquishing all claim to jurisdiction over the territory of the United States in 1800. These Pennsylvania parties to-day applied to the General Land Office to make to them patents for all the Reserve! The office replied, we learn from parties interested in the speculation, that the Government never having had a claim to or proprietorship over that territory, they cannot entertain the application; and that the State of Connecticut is the party to whom the Pennsylvania company must look for redress, if they really have rights involved in the case.

Society of the last Man.

Nearly twenty-one years ago, seven young men of this city, then in the early flush of manhood, entered into an association for an annual meeting and supper so long as one of their number should survive. These seven were Dr. Vattier, Dr. James M. Mason, William Stansbury, William Dinsey, Jr., Henry L. Tatem, Joseph R. Mason, and Fenton R. Lawson. For several years, the pleasure of their meeting was unalloyed with sorrow by death. In 1833 one vacant seat, and one unused plate announced the beginning of the wreck which Death was sure at last to make of all their number. By and by a section empty plate bore testimony to the stern reality of the relentlessness of the grave. Soon but four met at the annual commemoration, and another unoccupied chair told its silent story.

A year or two longer, and the dead were more than the living; three survivors remained,—four had died; and now another, Fenton Lawson, swells the triumph of the grave. Next October, Dr. Vattier and Henry Tatem will meet alone if death is not too urgent, and how sadly and solemnly, they look upon the memorials of their departed associates, will they mentally agitate the question which of the two will finally sit solitary in the shadowy presence of the dead and say "to the grave thou art my brother, and to corruption thou art my sister."

How awful that last supper when the sole survivor enters the room and sees there the seven plates and the seven chairs, each of which tells him "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."—*Cin. Gaz.*

Arrival of an Archbishop from Rome.

Archbishop Belini, specially commissioned by his holiness Pope Pius IX to pay a visit to our government at Washington, (with what specific purpose in view, if any beyond the mere interchange of official courtesies, we are not informed,) has arrived in town, and stays for the present with Archbishop Hughes.

Archbishop Belini, as we showed the other day, is a very distinguished dignitary of the church of Rome, and his advent here at this time is looked upon as quite an advent by the Roman Catholics. Besides his mission to the seat of Government, we are informed that he intends to visit the several dioceses in the United States, probably with a view of ascertaining the condition and resources of the Roman Catholic Church in this country.—*N. Y. Express*.

The Place to Die.

Go nowhere where you would not dare to die. It is well enough to die in life's common business. In the dark days in Connecticut, in 1780, that people all thought the day of judgment had come: The House of Representatives in Hartford adjourned. The Council proposed to adjourn also, but Col. Davenport objected. Said he: "Mr. Speaker, the day of judgment is either coming or is not. If it is coming, I for one choose to be found doing my duty."

He was a wise old Puritan, I had as lief die in a work shop or counting room or a social circle, as in a prayer room, or a pulpit. But then it must be a godly workshop—an honest counting room—a social circle, not gathered in a dancing parlour.

A great statesman we mourn fell dead in a crowded court room, in the midst of an important trial which he stood up to advocate. And yet, written in the midst of a scene so exciting they found on the desk he had just quitted, a prayer, written in a spirit of humility, and fervent piety, and devotion to his God perhaps never excelled.

The immortal J. Q. Adams, who, although having once been President of the United States, and although the highest offices in the gift of the people was within his grasp, chose rather to occupy and die at his post as a plain Representative of the people. He yielded up his life with his labors, and with these words, "this is the last of earth, I am content."

And such a death was as glorious as Moses' on the heights of Pisgah. Oh, go nowhere unprepared to die.

One of the most interesting and astonishing departments within the whole compass of the bank of England, is the weighing department, in which, with the rapidity of thought, and a precision approaching to the hundredth part of a grain, the weight of gold coin is determined. There are six weighing machines and three weighers to attend them.—Large rolls of sovereigns are placed in grooves, and are shaken one at a time by the motion of the machine, into the scale. If they are of the standard weight they are thrown by the same mechanical intelligence into a box at the right-hand side of the person who watches the operation; if they lack the hundredth part of a grain, they are cast into a box on the left. Those which stand the test are put into bags of 1000 each and those below par are cut up by a machine, and sent back to the mint.

The President at a Toll-Gate.

The Washington Evening Star relates the following incident:

Not long since the President, in afternoon ride with his estimable lady and a female friend, was brought up by the gate upon the Columbia turnpike, on the opposite side of the Potomac. His coachman searched his pockets in vain for the requisite shilling. The President searched his. But, alas, not a solitary shilling had they among them! The toll gatherer, who is at times annoyed by the pranks of "fast" folks passing his gate on their way to the trotting course, without "holding up" to pay toll, began to think of closing the bar upon the carriage, when the driver informed him that the gentleman inside was the President of the United States, and the gentleman made it all right by promising to pay the shilling when next he should venture to ride on the Virginia side."

We insert the following for the benefit of our lady readers: The fine gloss on new liver shirt bosoms, &c., is made by the following recipe. Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of stiffness you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it for use. A table spoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, if much diluted, for white muslin and bobbin.

Curiosities of Great Men.

Among the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men, are the circumstances connected with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance: Bossuet composed his grand sermon on his kneecap. Bulwer wrote his first novel in full dress, scented; Milton, before commencing his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating a picture of the apostle Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or while taking his "anti-jactantular" and "post-prandial" walks in his garden; the same, by the way, that Milton occupied. St. Bernard composed his meditations amid the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the solitude of the dense forest, finding there, he said, something more profound and suggestive than anything he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without interrupting his meditation.

Camden composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese poet was soldier and a brave one, though a poet. He composed others of the most beautiful verses at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at midday; Byron at midnight. Hurdouin rose at four in the morning and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker. He took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to begin work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by sea side in laboring to overcome the defect of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fable chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote the most of his Thoughts on little scraps of paper at his by moments. Fenelon wrote his *Télémaque* in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the grand monarch, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and been written by a priest may seem surprising. De Quincey first promulgated his notion of universal freedom and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land, the germ perhaps of the French revolution, in the bosom of Madame de Pompadour.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet: a dog he had brought from Wittenburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and he